

AN OLD FASHIONED SOUL.

Not hers the New Time's lofty lot
To questions back replying;
She only knows to keep the cot
And soothe the children's crying.

Not hers to stand in temples bright,
Sad strife for strife returning;
She only knows the lamps to light
And keep the home fires burning.

Not hers to move with iron will
In paths of strange endeavor;
She only knows that home is still
The sweetest name forever.

There are her joys and there her tears,
A life so sweetly human
The world shall whisper through the years,
"God bless that little woman!"

—Atlanta Constitution.

TONY'S SACRIFICE.

A Deal in Oil Lands That
Proved Disastrous.

By Marguerite Stabler.

Lambert of the Original Oil oligarchy tucked his telegram into his breast pocket with a loving little pat. This was the moment he had been working and living for all these months. "Veterinary daffodil jinks," it read, and, translated by his private cipher code, it meant he was to go ahead, buy the whole tract and draw on the company for the first payment.

The burning August sun beat relentlessly upon his unaccustomed head, his collar took on the hue of the road, his face was blistered and his eyeballs scorched by the heat, but so absorbed was he in the schemes that unrolled themselves before him that he forgot to fume because of his discomfort. He chuckled gleefully to himself notwithstanding the act involved the breathing of a mouthful of Kern county dust, for this was the climax he had almost despaired of reaching. Although he had never for a moment lost faith in the richness of this little strip of foothill country, the company had never until now been willing to raise the money for the first payment and the erection of the works necessary for its development, and he had come to realize that of a verity "faith without works is dead."

His company was not rich; Lambert, its heaviest stockholder, was worse than poor, being heels over head in debt. There were plenty of people he did not dare to meet because of overdue notes, several clubs he could not go near on account of delinquent dues and numberless underbred tradesmen who made his life a burden. But in the success of this deal he saw the end of all his troubles.

The loungers around the little hotel eyed him curiously as he drove up and followed at his heels as he made his way into the office, for such a turnout was not often seen in that part of the country. Lambert pushed his way through the crowd without seeing them and drank champagne to his rising fortunes as the uncolored beer trickled down his dusty throat. The name of Johnson of the Mammoth Mineral monopoly on the register made him open his eyes a trifle wider. Of course there was no reason why Johnson should not be there if he chose, but there was a coolness between the members of the two companies, especially between Johnson and himself.

The county records showed the title of the land to be vested in one Antonia Maria Lopez, so early the next morning Lambert started off to find her. But once out on the county roads, in the wastes of brown stubble fields, the directions he had received at the hotel became confused. No one seemed to know anything definite about the distance, and it had been variously estimated at from "about 15 miles" to 20. After following for several hours a road that seemed to have no turning he looked about for some one of whom he might inquire the way, and the first sign of life that came in sight was the figure of a woman walking toward him. But when he was almost near enough to address her she stopped, drew her sunbonnet over her eyes, tucked her skirts into one hand and scaled the four railed fence as neatly as a boy might have done. Then, looking over her shoulder toward the dust cloud down the road, she slipped behind a boulder and waited for the wheels to pass. As the dust enveloped her in a blinding cloud the smart trap was brought up short with a clanking of chains and silver mountings.

"Could you tell me whether or not this is the road to the Lopez place?" Lambert asked.

The sunbonnet jerked forward in an affirmative nod.

"Then perhaps you will be so good as to direct me to it," Lambert continued.

"Yep," answered the girl. "It's right here."

A pause followed, while the man in the cart looked over the girl's head at the abomination of desolation epitomized in the prospect before him—the tumble down fence, the unimproved, half finished house, the rickety outbuildings—then at the forlorn little figure beside the boulder. His eyes sought hers for further information, but the bonnet had closed down over her features like the shell of an oyster.

"Then, perhaps, you are Miss Lopez," he ventured, "the heiress to the estate?"

"Nope," returned the bonnet, "I'm Tony Lopez. My folks are dead, and this here ranch won't be mine till I'm of age; that's all."

It was evident, Lambert told himself as he followed the girl to the house, that the purchase would be an easy matter, for she certainly had no idea of the value of her scrappy acres. Lambert's reputation was that he had "a way with women," whatever that may mean, but certain it is that when his gray eyes looked straight out from their black lashes the object they rested upon, provided it was of the feminine gender, felt herself for the moment the center of the universe, and many a wiser girl than Tony might tell you so. Perhaps that was the reason she stammered and blushed, slipping her chinela on and off at the heel in embarrassment, when he said, "Have you ever thought of selling your property, Miss Lopez?"

Miss Lopez, to his surprise, he found noncommittal to the last degree. All his cross questioning elicited nothing more than a laconic "Nope." Then Lambert deliberately trained his gray eyes upon her and smiled down into her little freckled face, with the result that she told him the whole story.

"Ye gods!" he ejaculated inwardly as she explained that Johnson of the Mammoth Mineral monopoly had made her an offer at a figure that the Original Oil oligarchy could never touch, much less outbid. So this was not his own exclu-

sive scheme, after all! The new debts he had incurred on the strength of his prospects arose before him as he stared blankly at the wall. Johnson's company was rich, backed by substantial business men, while his was worse than poor, its heaviest stockholder a miserable spendthrift up to his ears in debt, his one hope now shattered by Johnson's rivalry. Johnson's eagerness to get the land was only another proof of its value. He must have it, he simply had to have it, and he would have it, he was saying to himself, while Tony, her tongue once loosened, babbled on, telling him the terms of Johnson's proposition and ending by saying he had pledged her to secrecy as to his part in it.

Lambert smoked long and furiously that night over this new phase of his difficulties, and as the smoke wreaths grew denser they evolved the vision of a rosy girl, with laughing eyes, who had promised to share his fortunes, however great they might be. Tony's little freckled face, he remembered, always beamed with pleasure from the depth of her bonnet when she saw him, and Tony, with a rich oil well back of her, and foreign travel, private tutors, Paris gowns, might in time become like other people, but here the laughing blue eyes arose through the smoke wreaths to mock him. He drew the difference between this lovely creature, the finished product of care and cultivation, and little Mexican What's-her-name slipping her chinela on and off at the heel as she talked to him. Still, Tony was a good little thing; she was slim and straight, and if she could be induced not to tog herself out in such outlandish colors she might be almost pretty, he mused. Then he stopped short and laughed at himself derisively. What could it matter to him whether she were pretty or not?

Tony was waiting for him the next time his trap clattered down the dusty road. She had that confiding manner that is so flattering to a man who knows the weakness of his strength. Johnson, she told him, had raised his offer for the whole tract, several thousand rocky, unproductive acres. Lambert groaned. He had to have it; there was no choice. So, with the figure of Johnson's offer staring him in the face, the prospect of bankruptcy pursuing him from behind and the only means of obtaining the prospective millions walking close beside him, blue eyes were forgotten, and he did it.

It was quickly said. Then he kissed her blushing cheeks, and the coveted land was his—and Tony. He had discreetly refrained from saying anything more about her property after hearing Johnson's offer, so she did not know he cared anything about it, and there was not a doubt as to his sincerity in her simple little heart.

Johnson was the first man Lambert met when he went back to the hotel. He made a strained effort to be affable, and Lambert, who could afford now to be generous, pitied him for the disappointment in store for him and tried to outdo him in forced friendliness. They walked up to the bar like two old friends, and Lambert proposed a toast to "success." Each man drank deep to himself, eyeing the other commiseratingly for the shock he was about to receive.

Tony was undeniably a good little thing, although Lambert regarded her merely as his means of escape from insolvency, and his only feeling for her was a vague sort of gratitude. She bored him by the abject devotion she lavished upon him. Once, however, it had really touched him, when she had said, "For you there is nothing in the world I would not gladly sacrifice."

But he had only said: "Yes, yes, that's a good girl; but you shouldn't wear bright pink. It is not becoming."

Lambert's success went to his head and made him long to throw his arms around the neck of the whole world and treat. He spent money with a princely lavishness, and Johnson came in for all his share. And Tony, too, was happy. She went about with a suppressed mirthfulness in her eyes, as if she had a secret source of happiness nobody but herself knew—which, indeed, was the case.

And so they were married. The little bride was decked out in shimmering white, but in all the gaudy colors her primitive soul loved—a gorgeous yellow gown with variegated furrows and red slippers. Lambert wondered if she would slip them on and off at the heel during the ceremony. But nothing could ruffle his serenity; he looked his animated rainbow over in good natured amusement—she would soon be wearing Paris gowns, her tawdry finery left behind.

As soon as he could bring the subject up he said, as if he had not thought it all out weeks before:

"If you would rather deed this ranch over to me to save you the trouble of looking after it, I suppose I could attend to it. You know you are of age now and can do as you like."

But Tony, the glow of pride still in her heart from the conscious success of her wedding gown, looked up and answered sweetly, "Did I not tell you there was no sacrifice I would not gladly make for you?"

"What?" cried Lambert. "What are you saying?"

"I could not think of letting you be ashamed of my clothes among all your fine friends, so I have made a surprise for you." She glanced up archly, expecting the approbation her surprise deserved. "I know you don't care for the money, because you are so rich yourself!"

"What are you saying? Are you crazy? Say, quick, what have you done?" shrieked the "happy bridegroom."

"Why, I sold my ranch to Mr. Johnson," she explained, while her eyes widened in childlike wonder. "That cleared off the mortgage and bought all my beautiful wedding clothes, and oh, I have got trunks full of the sweetest things!"—Argonaut.

As Shakespeare Is Read.

They were a group of Thespians on a corner of the Rialto talking "shop," as usual—all save one, who evidently ranked himself as a dramatic critic, and he was the speaker of the moment.

"You people follow Hamlet's advice all right," he said, "as you read it, but you don't know how to read Shakespeare. This is his instruction to the players as you see it:

"Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounce it to you, tripping on the tongue, and saw the air much with your hands, not gently. Tear a passion to tatters, to very rags. Out-Herod Herod. Do not suit the word to the action or the action to the word, and hesitate not to o'erstep the modesty of nature. The end of playing is to hold a convex mirror up to nature. Have not the gait of Christian, pagan or man, but strut and bellow, and imitate humanity abominably!"

"And I tell you, fellows do it to perfection."

He walked away, leaving a stillness behind.—New York Herald.

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Meets in Odd Fellows hall, Bank building, every Wednesday evening, at 8.

Meets first and third Monday evenings of each month in Bethel lodge room.

ANCIENT ORDER OF UNITED WORKMEN.
Circle Lodge, No. 77.

Meets first and third Fridays of each month in Grand Army hall, Massachusetts avenue, at 8 p.m.

KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS.
No. 109.

Meets second and fourth Thursdays of each month in K. of C. hall, over Shattuck's store.

ROYAL ARCANUM.
Menotomy Council, No. 1781.

Meets in G. A. R. hall, the second and fourth Tuesday evenings in each month, Grand Army of the Republic.

Francis Gould Post, No. 36.

Meets in G. A. R. hall, Massachusetts avenue, second and fourth Thursdays of each month, at 8 o'clock p.m.

Women's Relief Corps, No. 43.

Meets in G. A. R. hall, Massachusetts avenue, second and fourth Thursday afternoons of each month, at 2 o'clock.

SONS OF VETERANS.
Camp 45.

Meets in G. A. R. hall, on the third Wednesday of each month, at 8 o'clock p.m.

WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNION.

Meets in St. John's Parish house, Maple street, second and fourth Tuesdays of each month.

ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS.
Division 23.

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Board of health, on call of chairman.

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School committee, third Tuesday evening monthly.

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LESSON I, THIRD QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, JULY 7.

Text of the Lesson, Gen. 1, 1 to 11, 3. Memory Verses, 26, 27—Golden Text, Gen. 1, 1—Commentary Prepared by the Rev. D. M. Stearns.

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It is very refreshing to turn after so long a time in our studies to the beginning of this heavenly book, God's own beginning of His own work, but how to say just a little of what ought to be said on so large and important a portion in so brief a space is difficult. The Bible begins and ends with a perfect condition of things on earth (Gen. 1 and 2; Rev. xxi and xxii), no sin, no curse, no sorrow, no suffering, no devil visible. Gen. iii introduces us to the adversary, and Rev. xx tells of his final destiny.

1. A sublime and simple statement of how the world was made. Compare Psa. xxxiii, 6, 9; Jer. xxxii, 17. As to the one by whom God did it all see John 1, 1-3; Col. 1, 14-16. The word here translated God is a plural word, and we may see here the Trinity. Not only find comfort in the power of our Lord and Savior, but what you cannot begin with God but not begin at all, whether a book or letter or transaction.

2. Waste and void and darkness (see R. V.) are not suggestive of God, and Isa. xlv, 18, it V., says that God did not make the earth a waste. The first verse is a dateless verse and tells us of what God did perhaps tens or hundreds of thousands of years ago. The second verse tells us of how things were some 6,000 years ago when God began to bring order and beauty and fruitfulness out of the chaos and darkness. The interval between the first and second verses gives room for all the geological periods which may be desired.

3-5. The words "and God said," used ten times in this chapter, tell us of the word of God by which or by whom all things were made. The Spirit of God is the great worker and the word of God is the great instrument by which God accomplishes all things. So the two phrases, "the Spirit of God moved" and "God said," tell how God does all His work in nature or in grace. As to light coming by the word, see II Cor. iv, 6; Psa. cxix, 130, and on the division between light and darkness see II Cor. vi, 14.

6-8. The second day's work is a firmament or expanse, not something solid, but something thin or rare, dividing waters above from waters below. I am willing to believe that these six days were six ordinary days, as any simple person would suppose from Ex. xx, 11, and that God did on each day just what He says He did. The simplest way of reading Scripture is the best (Math. xi, 25). The practical lessons for the heart and life all through this portion are very simple and helpful. Verse 2 describes the heart and life of every unsaved person, and the first day's work is suggestive of the new birth and the division that at once begins to be made manifest in the life. The second day's work suggests how the life is to be nourished not by waters below, but by waters above, and is illustrated by Jer. ii, 13; John iv, 13, 14; Rev. xxi, 6; xxii, 17.

9-13. On the third day the dry land is made to appear, and He covers it with grass, herbs and trees. The suggestion for the believer is that of a resurrection life and fruitfulness and is set forth in such passages as Col. iii, 1-4; Eph. i, 11; iii, 10; John xv, 1-11. The seed and fruit after his kind whose seed is in itself reminds us that flesh produces only that which is fleshly, and the spiritual can only come from the Spirit. Grapes do not grow on thorns, nor figs on thistles (John iii, 6; Math. vii, 16). The association of the third day and resurrection is seen in the stories of Isaac and Jacob and the marriage in Cana (Gen. xxiii, 4; Math. xii, 40; John ii, 1), also in Hos. vi, 2.

14-19. On the fourth day the sun, moon and stars are appointed for signs, seasons, days and years, to be lights in the firmament and to rule over the day and night. We think of them in connection with seasons, days and years, but are not apt to consider that they are signs, and when attention is called to Jer. xxxi, 35, 36; xxxiii, 20, 21, and that Israel is always a nation before God some people are greatly astonished. The sun turns our attention to the Lord God as our sun and shield and to the time when the righteous shall shine forth as the sun (Psa. lxxxiv, 11; Math. xiii, 43). The moon, which is said to be a ruin of nature and reflects upon us the light of the sun, tells us how we are to let our light shine that God may be glorified, by living in His light and abiding in His love, by seeing Jesus only.

20-23. The fifth day shows us the waters and the air, with abundance of fishes and fowl, and command given them to be fruitful and multiply and fill the waters and multiply in the earth. The fifth day is associated with blessing and abundant multiplication, for here the words are first used, and we cannot but think of Prov. x, 22, R. V., "The blessing of the Lord maketh rich, and toil addeth nothing thereto;" of His blessing which gave Israel a three years' crop in the sixth year and fed abundantly 5,000 men with five loaves.

24-31. On the sixth day cattle and creeping things and beasts of the earth are made, and man in the image of God, male and female, to have dominion over all; man made of the dust of the earth, a full grown, perfect man, and woman made of a part of man's body and given to him to be a helpmeet for him; and He called their name Adam (chapters ii and iii, 1, 2). The Spirit tells us by Paul in Eph. v, 30-32, that Adam and Eve are typical of Christ and the church, and the Spirit elsewhere teaches us that as Eve was built out of Adam by his sleep (Gen. ii, 21, 22, margin), so by virtue of the death and resurrection of Christ, the true Eve, the church is now being built out of Him, and, when completed, shall be brought to Him, and there shall be a marriage and then the kingdom (Rev. xix, 7; Dan. vii, 27).

It, 1-3. This portion tells us that on the seventh day God ended and rested from His work and blessed the seventh day and sanctified it. We have the practical teaching in Heb. iv, where we learn that we can only enter into rest when we cease from our own works as God did from His. Thus we may daily enjoy a constant Sabbath while we wait for the rest that remaineth. As to keeping one day in seven wholly for God, I know of no better instruction than Isa. lviii, 13, 14. In this section of Genesis the only name of Deity is God used just 35 times, or 5 by 7, signifying abundant perfection, and when God becomes all in all in us, as He is in this portion, we shall be abundantly perfected.

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THE WINDS.

When sluggish lags my pulse, I plead
The rigorous north will rouse and blow,
Chasing the far horizon's blue.

Starting the ruse, and of the air
And bringing for mine earnest need
The bracing tonic of the snow.

When I incline to dreams and fain,
With half shut lids, would lounge and see
The thought surge languorously above

To low, through lanes of love,
And rippling goldenly the grain,
The south for me, the south for me!

When melancholy suits my mood,
I long to list, mid lapsing leaves,
The misty east, discourse of pain

In its thin minor, and the rain,
With ancient sorrowing imbued,
Make plaintive patter round the eaves.

And when the pilgrim zest is strong
For brackened pathways mounting high
Along the hill slopes to the crest,

Then would I have the ardent west
Fling me his buoyant welcome song,
Toss me his old ecstatic cry.

So with the veering winds that sweep
The empyrean I am one;
Feeling close kinship unto each,
Seemest to me the spirit speech,

Blow thou or shrill or low or deep
Across the face of God's white sun!
—Clinton Scollard in Youth's Companion.

It was all because the street car company charged two fares. Belinda Ann hadn't expected any such extortion. Consequently she was not prepared for it.

Besides this, Belinda Ann was proud. If she hadn't been proud, she would have said to the conductor, "You will excuse my ignorance, sir, but the fact is I was not aware that you demanded a second fare for this end of the line, and as I am not prepared to meet the additional call upon my finances I am obliged to ask you to put me off." Belinda Ann could have explained it in quite as good style as this and in a much more condensed form. But there were other passengers on the car, and Belinda felt that she was watching her in a manner that plainly meant, "We don't believe for one moment that the red-headed child over there under the purple cover advertisement has another nickel to her name." And so, with a delightfully nonchalant air, she dropped her last nickel in the conductor's hand and was from that moment a bankrupt.

For Belinda Ann made it a solemn practice never to carry with her any more money than she really needed. Possibly she was influenced in this course by the fact that she always took all she had. And so on this occasion she paid in her last nickel and coolly rode to the end of the line and then alighted with the grim fact confronting her that she was ten miles from home and with no means beyond her somewhat spare though wiry legs of getting there.

But Belinda was not easily daunted or discouraged. She couldn't help admitting that she was in a rather unpleasant position, but she was not at all frightened. It was only 3 o'clock in the afternoon, and nobody would worry about her before 6. She had come out to gather as many specimens of the flowers of May as she could find and at the same time learn something about the habits of the birds of the suburbs. Her teacher had suggested this in a general sort of way, and as this was Saturday afternoon Belinda was putting the advice into practical shape.

She looked about her as she alighted from the car, but there were no flowers to be seen, and she heard no birds. Then she decided that it might be a good scheme if she wandered down the road in the direction of home while she pursued her botanizing and her bird investigating. So she started along the highway, her bright eyes wide open and her ears alert.

She had walked perhaps two miles in this way and her feet were feeling the effects of the tramp when a peculiar sight drew her attention from both flowers and birds. A strange looking vehicle was halted by the wayside, and on the ground beneath it and between the huge wheels lay the body of a man. Belinda Ann knew the vehicle was an automobile, but she knew nothing about the man.

Belinda stopped short. "Is anybody hurt?" she called. "No," came a muffled voice from beneath the running gear. "I couldn't tell by your legs," said Belinda. "You might be run over higher up, you know."

"Not by this infernal machine," said the muffled voice. "It couldn't be hired to run over anybody."

"I guess it's like grandfather's clock," said Belinda—"stopped short never to go again."

"You're wrong," said the muffled voice. "I've fixed it."

There was a moment's pause, and then the legs of the recumbent man began to wriggle forward. Presently the entire individual came into sight.

He was a tall young man with a fair mustache and a pleasant smile. He let this pleasant smile beam on Belinda Ann as he took his big flat cap from the automobile seat and then assumed a pair of eyeglasses.

His smile deepened as he surveyed the quaint little figure on the fire hydrant. "How do you do?" he politely inquired as he lifted the flat cap.

"I am quite well," replied Belinda Ann as she bobbed the roses on her hat. "Just a little tired maybe, but able to sit up and look around." She gazed at the young man with a quizzical expression. "You are really much handsomer than I supposed you'd be, judging by your legs," she said.

The young man slightly blushed. "I am glad," he laughed, "that you find my attractions of the cumulative sort. And now may I ask if I can help you along the way you desire to go?" And he pointed to the seat of the automobile.

Belinda Ann clapped her hands. "That would be just splendid!" she cried. "I really never believed I'd ever do a horseless stunt. It's awfully kind of you. But excuse me, please. There's a dreadful smudge on your nose. Stoop down a little, can't you?"

And Belinda Ann drew a neatly folded handkerchief from her belt, spread it out and carefully removed the grime from the young man's shapely nose as he bent above her. "It's such a sooty city," she said. "You just ought to see our parlor curtains after they've been up a week."

Then the young man waved his hand toward the seat and, assisting Belinda Ann into it, took the place beside her. "Oh," gasped the child as the machine

shot ahead, "ain't this great! I only wish our Sunday school class could see me now. But do you know I feel just like looking over the dashboard to see what become of the horses."

The young man laughed and increased the speed a little, and Belinda Ann's roses nodded more wildly than ever. "And now may I ask the name of the young lady whom fate has so graciously thrown in my way?" inquired the young man.

"You have such lovely manners," said Belinda Ann, "though it's just a little hard to understand you sometimes. My name is Miss Belinda Ann Farmer."

"And mine is Arthur Farnsworth," said the young man. Belinda Ann looked at him sharply. "Are you the Mr. Arthur Farnsworth who owns so many boats?" she asked. "My father and I are in the boat owning business," he replied.

"I almost feel as if I ought to know you," said Belinda Ann. "One of your lake captains lives next door to us, and he speaks very well of you."

"That's kind of him," said Arthur Farnsworth, "and it's kind, too, for you to mention it. I don't think I can do less than offer you a spin about the park in payment for it."

"I should be greatly pleased," said Belinda Ann in her courtliest manner. "I was afraid our trip would be over before I knew it."

And so they turned into the broad avenue that led through the park and skirted the pond and whirled along beneath the trees and trundled across a rustic bridge and so back into the broad highway again.

And as they emerged from the shadows Belinda's sparkling eyes caught sight of a lovely young woman slowly strolling along the pathway. She looked up suddenly as the automobile passed her. Arthur Farnsworth raised his hat and the young woman very slightly bent her head and passed on.

Belinda Ann looked sharply at Arthur. "That was a very beautiful lady," she said, "as beautiful as a princess."

"More beautiful than a princess," asserted Arthur. "She looks good too."

"She is as good as she is beautiful," said Arthur. "A little haughty, too, isn't she?"

"No," replied Arthur, "she isn't haughty. That's the way with princesses."

"But she gave you a sort of ice cream freezer look, didn't she?"

"No doubt I may consider myself lucky that she looked at me at all," said Arthur.

And he said it so solemnly that Belinda Ann's bright eyes dilated. "Did you notice her hat?" she asked a moment or two later.

"No," replied Arthur. "What about her hat?"

"It was the latest shape," said Belinda. "They rode on for a moment or two, and then Arthur Farnsworth checked the machine."

"I passed a man a moment or two ago with whom I have a little business—something I had quite forgotten," he said. "Perhaps you would like to rest on one of the settees here overlooking the lake. I will come after you in just ten minutes."

So Belinda Ann alighted and sat on the settee and Arthur Farnsworth rode away. And presently the beautiful young woman came by, and the beautiful young woman paused and looked down at the dimpling lake and then seated herself on the settee close to Belinda Ann.

The child stared at her in undisguised admiration. Then she moved closer. "If you don't mind," she said, "I'd like to talk to you a little while we are both waiting."

The lady turned quickly. Then she smiled. "Why," she said, "you are the little girl who was riding with Arthur—with Mr. Farnsworth."

"Yes," said Belinda Ann, "I'm the one. He knows you too. He said such nice things about you. Why, he said you were as beautiful as a princess and as good as you were beautiful. What a lovely hat you are wearing!"

Perhaps Belinda did not notice it, but a pluck flush had stolen into the lady's cheeks and her eyes had brightened.

"Mr. Farnsworth has a way of saying nice things," she softly murmured. "Yes," assented Belinda Ann. "Hasn't he beautiful manners? And such a good heart? Why, do you know he saw me way out in the country, and he must have known I was a long ways from home and without a cent in my pocket and tired too. And he invited me just as polite as if I was a grand lady to ride with him, and he wasn't a bit ashamed of me—though I ain't much for style, and I did trim my own hat."

And she took another long and hungry look at the model of millinery art that crowned the beautiful lady's hair.

When Arthur Farnsworth came back a little later, there was no Belinda Ann awaiting him. But as he stared about two figures arose from a settee and came toward him, and one was the beautiful lady, and she held Belinda Ann by the hand.

And Belinda Ann saw that Arthur's eyes grew very bright as he met the beautiful lady's glance, and she dimly understood that this was more than an ordinary encounter. Of course she couldn't know that there had been a lovers' quar

THE ENTERPRISE.

[Entered as Second-Class Matter.]

Saturday, July 6, 1901.

THE ENTERPRISE IS FOR SALE IN LEXINGTON BY:

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A CORDIAL WELCOME.

The Independent extends its most sincere congratulations to Mr. J. Lee Robinson, the former manager of the Enterprise, on his appointment to a responsible position on the staff of the Cambridge Chronicle. Mr. Robinson's courteous and pleasant intercourse with our citizens won for him their lasting respect, while his business capabilities were at all times recognized. We wish him every success in his new sphere of labor. The Independent also desires to extend a hearty welcome to Mr. Robinson's successor, Mr. Arthur E. Seagrave.—Lexington Independent.

Thanks, Brother Flynn. We are pleased to receive this cordial greeting to the new manager as well as the kind words for the old. You have our best wishes for success.

"A FRIEND."

"A friend," says Emerson, "is a person with whom I may be sincere, before whom I may think aloud." And Emerson believed just what he said, and he illustrated his definition by the open life he lived. What a volume of meaning the Concord philosopher had in that declaration "before whom I may think aloud." Why is it that the most of us insist on smothering our innermost thoughts, tearing lest our so-called friends shall somehow come to learn them? There can be no satisfaction or pleasure in that professed friendship which drives us apart. What we men and women need to do is to come together, and we shall only do so together when we are willing to think aloud in each other's presence. Suppose we do occasionally shock one another by so doing? We need to be shocked more or less frequently that we may come to know ourselves and others as we are. The earthquake and the cyclone are as much needed in the world of morals as in the natural world. Let us think aloud and then let us speak aloud.

BUSINESS HOURS.

Business hours should never be interrupted by the outsider. And yet how forgetful the most of us are in relation to this rightful demand of business men! The business office should admit of no conversation that is not related to the business of that office. Nothing is more provoking and exasperating than to have one drop in upon you when you are engaged in some important duty of the day. And yet there are those who will claim your time to tell a "yarn," or to peddle neighborhood gossip, even though you are about to select your scriptural reading which is to precede the morning family devotions. O these hangers-on! If on a business errand, they will squander an hour of their own time, and what is worse, they will squander a precious hour of your time. In talking and discussing non-essentials. Do your errand, good friend, in the shortest possible time, and then be off. You have no right to steal the time of business men. Time is such an important element in the success of the varied enterprises of the public, that no one is able to enter the offices of our business men in any average city, without first passing in his card and making his business known. And all this is just as it should be. A man with half an eye ought to readily see the impropriety of trespassing upon another's time. This eternal law of fitness, how it is disregarded! These time killers "are enough to make a minister swear."

F. E. Downer recently received the appointment as agent for the Maryland Casualty Co. to sell three different policies, health, accident, and employers' liability. During the first three days after the appointment, he claims to have received \$50 worth of business. His office is with Undertaker C. T. West.

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LEXINGTON.

North Lexington.

Cornelius L. Pherson was in court at Concord yesterday, on a complaint of disturbing the peace Thursday night, and was fined \$25. Officer McGuire made the arrest and claimed the defendant had used vulgar and indecent language on an electric car.

Residents here are complaining of the obnoxious smell which comes from the loads of manure unloaded from cars at the depot, and carted to Lexington farms. During the past week the stench has been almost unbearable and a complaint is to be made to the board of health to have the nuisance abated. Not only the residents near the station complain of the strong odor, but even persons who drive past the loads as they are being carted off. Some time ago, the manure, which comes from Boston, was unloaded at the Lexington yard, but complaints came so thick and fast that the board of health put a stop to it. North Lexington people believe their health is endangered by the present arrangement, and wish the nuisance abated by stopping it altogether, or else having the cars run to a side track somewhere and there unloaded.

Miss Lillian Hamilton, of Smith college, is home on a vacation.

John Hamilton is home from college.

Miss Florence Wing leaves today for Europe to study German and French. Miss Wing is a graduate of Wellesley and a teacher at the Lexington High school.

A fine display of fireworks illuminated the grounds of George W. Taylor, Thursday night.

East Lexington.

Miss Mary F. Kauffmann has been reappointed director of music and drawing at the Hyannis schools with an increase of salary.

Miss Florence Kauffmann has received the appointment of assistant teacher at the Newton High school. She begins her duties in the fall.

A broken stone on a rail, near Bryant's corner, derailed an electric car Monday night, about 9 o'clock. It was replaced at 2 o'clock Tuesday morning.

R. W. Holbrook has a beautiful crimson Rambler rose on the front of his house. It has grown rapidly this year and covers almost half of the front part of the dwelling.

The Unitarian church and Sunday school go on a picnic to Boardman grove, Wednesday, the members of the school receiving free transportation through the kindness of Alfred Pierce.

Malcolm Torrey has received word that his wife, who was seriously ill in Nova Scotia, is improving.

Orrin Pierce, of Mattapan, is visiting his grandmother, Mrs. Harrison Pierce.

John Hanson, of Deep River, Ct., is spending a few days with his mother, Mrs. Jane Hanson.

The Middlesex Gun club held a shoot here Thursday.

John Chisholm, the well known harness maker, entertained a large number of friends last week Friday evening at his home on the avenue. The occasion was his sixty-first birthday, and it was fittingly observed. Seven pieces of music for the company. Songs were sung, cigars smoked and refreshments were enjoyed. The grounds back of the house were brilliantly illuminated with Chinese lanterns.

BAPTIST SOCIETY.

Mr. Fisher, of Revere, preached for the Baptists in Village hall, Sunday evening, from John 10:10. "I am come that they might have life and that they might have it more abundantly."

Mr. James Barnes will lead the meeting Sunday evening, after which there will be a meeting of the society to make arrangements for the summer months.

CROSSING HEARING.

The Lexington selectmen gave a hearing Saturday afternoon on the Woburn street crossing controversy. The plan of the street railway company to avoid the railroad tracks on Woburn street by crossing land of James F. Russell on the southerly side of the street and the amount of damages to be assessed, was the cause of the hearing. At 3:30 o'clock the selectmen viewed the premises, and at 7 in the evening a hearing was held. Hon. A. E. Scott appeared for Mr. Russell, and Robert P. Clapp was for the Lexington and Boston Street Railway company. The former claimed the damage to the Russell property was very great, while Mr. Clapp thought and argued differently. Among those present at the hearing were Sidney Harwood, president of the street railway company, and Horace G. Parker, general manager. The offer of \$2000 by the railroad people has been withdrawn, and the opposing side has lowered its claim for damages from \$500 to \$3500. The selectmen have not decided the matter.

The Merriam factory has shut down at 5 o'clock the past week owing to the hot weather.

LEXINGTON LOCALS.

At a meeting of the Waltham board of aldermen, Monday night, the petition of the Concord & Boston Street Railway company for more time to build its line in Trapelo road was referred to the committee on street railways.

Rev. and Mrs. C. H. Watson are at Chiltonville for the season.

Miss Carrie E. Fickling is spending the summer at Freedom, N. H.

John A. Fratus is spending a vacation at Provincetown.

Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Robbins, of Boston, have arrived at Liberty Hall, their summer home here.

Mr. and Mrs. August Young, of Utica street, observed their fifty-fifth anniversary last Saturday at their home, surrounded by 40 of their friends. The grounds about the place were lighted during the evening by Chinese lanterns, and the company spent the evening in the house and on the lawn in merrymaking. Supper was served at 8 o'clock. A number of handsome presents were given as tokens of esteem by those in attendance.

G. P. Davis, of Boston, has purchased the Carl St. John house on Hancock street, and will have the place thoroughly renovated, and will move to Lexington to make his permanent residence in the spring.

Francis H. Brown, formerly of Lexington, and now of Boston, is stopping at the Russell house.

The new grand jury for Suffolk county was sworn in and charged Monday morning by Judge Bishop in the superior criminal court, and retired to its chamber to investigate the cases on the July docket. It will probably report its findings today. Some important cases are on the docket this month, conspicuous among which is that of Dr. Sumner Paine, who is accused of assaulting Peter Damm, his daughter's music teacher, who is located in Lexington.

Edward T. Harrington & Co. report that the Southton Bell, trustee, has sold the farm located on Old Bedford road, in Concord, containing 20 acres of land, together with buildings, to Etta Ingerson.

The funeral of Mrs. Anna J. P. Gibbons, wife of Dr. Sherwin Gibbons, was held at West Roxbury, Wednesday afternoon at 2 o'clock. The service was at the Episcopal church of that place. Interment was at the West Roxbury cemetery.

Selectman E. S. Spaulding spent the Fourth with his son, Charles Spaulding, of Harvard, Mass.

Owing to Thursday's being a holiday, the selectmen met Tuesday instead of Thursday.

Mrs. M. E. Downer, Miss Louise Downer, Mrs. William Hunt and the Lewis Hunt family are at Annisquam.

The tax rate this year as announced by the assessors is \$18 per thousand, a 10 cent increase over last year. The assessors are busied engaged in figuring up the amounts due from the several tax payers, and have been obliged to work all the past week despite the intense heat, and no doubt will be as some of the tax payers will be when they receive announcement of the amount they will be obliged to pour into the coffers of the town.

Rev. Carlton A. Staples has been ill the past week, and was unable to preach Sunday.

The selectmen did not appoint a police officer at the meeting Tuesday, as they at first intended, but decided to have a meeting before an appointment is made.

A. D. Stone, a traveling salesman for a Boston wholesale grocery, has won a free trip to Buffalo by being one of fifty to sell the largest quantity of Worcester soda water, July 13 for one week with expenses paid.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Miles welcomed a baby boy to their home this week.

BAPTIST CHURCH.

The farewell sermon of Rev. John Hosmer Cox was preached Sunday morning before a large audience. The text of the discourse was the last verse in the Bible, "The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all. Amen." His service was an impressive one, thorough out, and the speaker dwelt on the past and future work of the church.

Rev. and Mrs. J. H. Cox will spend the summer at East Harswell, Me.

LEXINGTON GOLF.

Saturday afternoon there was an invitation nine-hole mixed foursome competition on the links of the Lexington Golf and Country Club. Mrs. Edwin Reed and J. B. Thomas, with a net score of 43. In the evening about 100 members and friends enjoyed a tea and social time on the lawn in front of the clubhouse.

Thursday morning there was a men's foursome at the Lexington Golf club, which was won by C. B. Davis and G. L. Gilmore, with a score of 101-21-50.

C. B. Davis and G. L. Gilmore 101 21 50
C. F. Carter and E. C. Briggs 104 21 83
W. Tyler and F. B. Taylor 99 14 85
R. F. Reed and C. Garrison 107 22 85
R. G. Lockwood and C. C. Briggs 105 20 85
R. C. Stevens and C. H. Stevens 104 16 58
F. F. Sherburne and Z. Pierce 121 22 98

At noon there was a ladies' approaching and putting contest, won by Miss Carlissa Briggs.

In the afternoon there was a mixed foursome, won by Miss E. Tyler and R. G. Lockwood, with a net score of 91.

Miss E. Tyler and Mr. E. L. Gilmore 116 23 91
Mrs. and Mr. R. F. Stevens 103 11 92
Miss Cook and F. B. Taylor 119 23 95
Miss E. Briggs and W. W. Reed 122 21 101
Edwin Read and E. C. Briggs 131 17 114

No cards, Miss Lockwood and R. G. Lockwood, Miss H. Lockwood and T. C. Lockwood, Mrs. F. S. Sherburne and Mr. Sherburne.

PAN-AMERICAN HINT.

Quick and Inexpensive Method. The great Pan-American exposition has realized fully the expectations of the managers, while the great public is more than pleased with the artistic and inventive displays provided.

The creative genius apparent in the architecture of the many buildings is without equal, and the effects obtained through the various color decorations are simply astounding. The landscape work has devolved the grounds into a perfect paradise. The exhibits are a chosen set and far superior in comparison are they to those of all other expositions.

Buffalo as a city is a most delightful place, and excursions can be made in every direction to localities intensely interesting, and the greatest attraction save the exposition is Niagara Falls, which is truly one of the marvels of the world. The Boston & Maine railroad is making every inducement possible for the benefit of the tourist to Buffalo from New England. The rates are the lowest, the routes most numerous—line the most direct and its trains without question the best equipped of any from Boston.

The General Passenger department of the Boston & Maine railroad, Boston, will upon application send you a Pan-American folder, which is replete in information of service and is yours for the asking.

Among the Pines, Sir Charles Hotel, MARANACOOK, MAINE. OPEN JUNE 1.

A select home, a good table, fine spring water. Fair connected with house. One of the most delightful summer resorts in the state.

MEMORIAL WINDOW.

Unveiled at Lexington Church—The Late Rev. Edward G. Porter Honored by Loving Friends.

The formal unveiling of the memorial window at the Hancock Congregational church of Lexington, took place Sunday during the regular Sunday morning service. The window, which is a memorial to the late Rev. Edward G. Porter, the first pastor of the church, who died last year, was placed in the church through the generous subscriptions of a large number of townspeople and some others. The services were conducted by Rev. C. Carter, of Lexington, the present pastor of the church. Mr. Carter took for his text John 4:14, "God is spirit. They that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth." At the close of the service Mr. Carter spoke of the qualities which endeared Mr. Porter to all people, and said that the worthiness of his character is to be perpetuated in this enduring form. There was a large number of the former friends of Mr. Porter in attendance, both members and non-members of the church.

The window is a very large one and is handsome of design and execution. The center panel represents Christ at the well with the woman of Samaria. Christ's hand is raised as if teaching the woman some truths she had not before known, and the woman kneeling there has upon her face a look of awe, reverence and love. Surrounding this center piece are eight openings with angelic figures, three on each side, and in the center, bearing palms and lilies. In three panels at the base is the inscription, "Rev. Edward Griffin Porter, 1837-1900, his life and death represent the life and pastorate of Mr. Porter. There are also three wreaths, ivy, laurel and palm, bearing the words, 'Citizen, Minister, Friend.' The design was by Alfred Schmitt and the work executed by Lewis G. Flagg & Co., of Boston.

PAN-AMERICAN POINTS.

Every visitor to the Pan-American exposition is more than pleased, and even surprised at the wonderful display provided by the exposition management.

Not only are the buildings beautiful in line and color, but the stupendous electrical illuminations which at night dazzle the great structures are most dazzling in effect.

From New England the lines of the Boston & Maine railroad, the most direct to Buffalo. The service by this line is not only the quickest, but is the most complete and also the shortest. The route through Northern Massachusetts known as the Haverhill-Tunbridge Valley route is one of the most charming and picturesque in the country, and the rate to the Pan-American city or Niagara is exceptionally low. For tourists from Boston & Maine territory a particular advantage is the absence of a transfer across the city of Boston for Buffalo trains depart from the North Union station.

The General Passenger Department of the Boston & Maine railroad, Boston, has gotten out an attractive illustrated pamphlet on the Pan-American exposition, which is sent free for the asking.

"Oh, for a breeze" has been the cry of humanity during the past week, but to the greater part of the people the breeze has not come. Those wise people who went to Revere beach and "looped the loop" were most fortunate, for there is no device along the shore this side of Coney Island which bestows on its patrons more cooling and beneficent zephyrs than those one feels while going through the famous loop. The rider is whirled about in the air safely enough, but with thrilling effect. No matter how stifling the atmosphere may be, it is always cool in the loop. The diversion is the crowning feature of Revere beach reservation, and is one of the first attractions sought by the visitor to that popular resort. In addition to the loop, there is a beautiful ride of hundreds of feet over a track whose elevation permits the riders to get one of the most charming views to be had on the New England coast. The ride may be taken without including the loop, if desired.

R. W. Holbrook,

Dealer in



BRICK STORE,
Massachusetts Avenue,
EAST LEXINGTON.

P. J. STEVENS,

Custom TAILOR.

Special Attention Given to Order Work. Cleaning, Dyeing and Repairing Neatly Done.

Sherburne Row, Mass. Ave.,
LEXINGTON.

LEXINGTON GRAIN MILLS.

B. C. WHITCHER, Prop.

Flour, Grain,
Hay and Straw

AT WHOLESALE OR RETAIL.

Hay shipped direct from Michigan and delivered at lowest market prices. Grains are received direct from western growers and are sold at prices which cannot be outdone.

Office, off Massachusetts Ave.,
LEXINGTON.

Accident Insurance,

Also Health and Employers' Liability in The MARYLAND CASUALTY CO.

F. E. DOWNER,

Office at C. T. West's, Lexington.

R. W. BRITTON,

HAIR DRESSING ROOM

PARTICULAR ATTENTION PAID TO CHILDREN'S HAIR CUTTING. : : : RAZORS SHARP AND CONVEYED.

Massachusetts Ave., Opposite Post Office,
LEXINGTON, MASS.

MISS L. E. ABRAMSON,

MILLINERY

47 Winter Street, Boston.

ROOM 607.
Formerly with Mrs. W. B. CROCKER.

MOUNTAIN BREEZES.

The Editor of the Enterprise Reveals in the Attractions About Whiteface, N. H.

Whiteface, N. H., July 2, 1901. Dear Enterprise: Here we are surrounded by these sun-drenched mountains of which Whittier sang so sweetly. It was on Monday morning, with the glass fast climbing towards the nineties, that, with a gripsack in one hand and a light palm-leaf fan in the other, we boarded the 9:40 a.m. express train from the Union station in Boston, bound for West Ossipee, N. H. One always leaves his home more or less reluctantly to dwell even for a brief while, amid other scenes, and yet, with such a torrid heat as had been hanging over Arlington for so many successive days, we were more ready for the cooler regions of this north country. The Boston & Maine railroad officials afford every comfort and convenience to the traveler as he makes for the mountainous districts of New England. Three hours and forty minutes from Boston landed us safely at West Ossipee, where we took a private conveyance for "Kinderheim," the intensely picturesque summer home of Mr. and Mrs. Harry W. Bullard and family, 29 Academy street, Arlington. We must say in passing that the ride from West Ossipee to this quiet retreat under the almost infinite mountains is replete with all that is interesting and unique. The country road all along the way is winding, so that new views are constantly opening on our vision. Here is the brook singing its lullaby through pasture and meadows, and there the lake with its silvery waters, while on all sides and in front and back of you are the delectable and heavenly looking serenely and majestically down, giving you both greeting and benediction. We must not forget to tell our readers that our ride in carriage over the mountain miles was behind a lively pair of iron-greys, with a driver who well knew his business. All counted, there were eight of us who made up the passenger list, and a jolly set we were. We appreciated the fact that we were fast approaching a country where no wilted linen or shirtwaist is ever seen. As we came in sight of the mountain home for the children, and equally delightful for the older grown, there went up such a joyous shout for Kinderheim that sent the echoes ringing throughout all these wooded valleys, for he it knew your other self dwells in all these mountain fastnesses, and when the twilight is coming on, you may have a sensible conversation with your own shadow on the mountain and talking as you will for your double will answer back, and in your own words, too, in every instance. We say you may have a sensible conversation, and yet whether you do or not must all depend upon yourself, for that fellow up the mountain side who is your running mate wherever you go will return you, with no better result, than a failure, the very same words you utter. So when in this country of God's own make, one needs to be especially careful that he says and in that he does—these mountains are all eyes and all ears. They recognize all about them, while they hear even the whispering of the leaves and the soft sighing of the wind. The echoes that ring down these valleys are the beguiling of another life which is the exact translation of our own. And so it is ever the through life, we can only receive or take in that which we first give out, and what is more, we can only receive in kind that which we give. The world is what we make it. Even the universe, so far as we are concerned, is what we make it. But we must tell you, dear reader, more in detail of Kinderheim, for as we were to write a series of letters for the Enterprise from this summer home of ours, it is quite desirable that you should be made familiar with our surroundings. In the first place, Kinderheim is situated in the most romantic and picturesque of valleys, and yet it is fifteen hundred feet above the level of the waters. The house, which has been built in the most modern life, has on three sides of it a broad generous veranda, where one may sit, or, if he prefers, lie in the dainty swinging hammock, and look out upon a scene that no camera can ever reproduce, and yet we dare attempt to give a faint outline of the indescribable and ecstatic picture before our eyes on all sides of us. Now please draw up your chair alongside of our right here on the western stoop, and we will point out to you what is a greatly delights us. In fact, we hardly know whether we are "in the body or out of the body" as there come into so near a vision these marvelous creations of the Omnipotent One. So you need not wonder that we write enthusiastically. The mountain immediately in front of us is Black Mountain, 400 feet in height, while the next to it is Flat Mountain, reaching nearly to heavenward as does Black Mountain. Here we are right at the base of these two mountains with their dizzy heights overhanging us. Wooded to their very tops, they look down upon us with all the majesty of a crowned king. The little space between the base of these stupendous mountains and the stoop where we leisurely smoke our choice Havana are here and there little openings of field and pasture, surrounded by the groves of the gods. At an inviting distance, and upon an eminence, you see Mountain Side, where we were caught our inspiration last summer. Immediately to the left of us and almost within literal touch is Young mountain reaching starward, and then taking in the most completed circle, and within easy vision, be it remembered, come Israel, Guinea, Whiteface, Passaconaway, Wonalancet, Bangus, and the Ossipee mountains, and last and most magnificent of all, Mt. Chocoma.

Just for a moment imagine all these loftiest of heights so grouping themselves as if for a purpose, and then, as if settling, "Who would not exclaim within sight of such an upheaved world, 'How marvelous are all Thy works!' Come, let us look down upon this far-outreaching valley, bounded on either side by mountain ranges. What could be more inviting than this faraway vision, hardly less beautiful than that which John had on the Isle of Patmos? At the extreme eastern limit of this inviting pathway, threading its way among the mountains, we saw last evening the moon come up clothed in all the richness and glory of the opulent east. It is easily explained why the Psalmist David wrote so frequently of the morning and the evening. As the moon made its way up toward the zenith, the entire Ossipee valley became flooded with that softened silvery light, which glorified all things below as if above, for the heavens caught the refulgent splendor of the east, so that earth and sky joined in one and the same anthem of song and praise for the evening time. And there this morning the sun came up, up it came, up it came far east, sending its rays way up the valley to cheer us here at Kinderheim. The dawn from this, our summer home, is a most inviting introduction to the day. At the first streakings of the morning light you involuntarily exclaim, "Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors, and the King of Glory shall come in." Indeed, "our lives have fallen into us" for the summer time "in pleasant places," and we hope we may make the most of them. We are quite aware, however, that we shall only make the wisest and best use of these golden privileges which are ours, as we share them with the readers of the Enterprise, so it is our purpose to come to you each week laden with the zenith, the entire Ossipee valley became flooded with that softened silvery light, which glorified all things below as if above, for the heavens caught the refulgent splendor of the east, so that earth and sky joined in one and the same anthem of song and praise for the evening time. And there this morning the sun came up, up it came, up it came far east, sending its rays way up the valley to cheer us here at Kinderheim. The dawn from this, our summer home, is a most inviting introduction to the day. At the first streakings of the morning light you involuntarily exclaim, "Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors, and the King of Glory shall come in." Indeed, "our lives have fallen into us" for the summer time "in pleasant places," and we hope we may make the most of them. We are quite aware, however, that we shall only make the wisest and best use of these golden privileges which are ours, as we share them with the readers of the Enterprise, so it is our purpose to come to you each week laden with the zenith, the entire Ossipee valley became flooded with that softened silvery light, which glorified all things below as if above, for the heavens caught the refulgent splendor of the east, so that earth and sky joined in one and the same anthem of song and praise for the evening time. And there this morning the sun came up, up it came, up it came far east, sending its rays way up the valley to cheer us here at Kinderheim. The dawn from this, our summer home, is a most inviting introduction to the day. At the first streakings of the morning light you involuntarily exclaim, "Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors, and the King of Glory shall come in." Indeed, "our lives have fallen into us" for the summer time "in pleasant places," and we hope we may make the most of them.

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THE UNLOVED.

When winter's prime is past,
His fiercest fury done,
And days are lengthening fast
And kinder grows the sun,
Oh, sweet and shy
Our hearts reply
By nature's wooing won,
And whisper low
Of bliss we'll know
When winter's race is run!

When winter's race is spent
And cold and bleak and gray,
All chill and downward bent,
He goes his weary way,
Oh, then with smile
Of mocking guise
We doubt his weakening way
And find delight
In time's glad flight
That brings a sunnier day!

—Ripley D. Saunders in St. Louis Republic.

A BURIED TREASURE

How It Was Found by a Castaway and Its Mysterious Disappearance.

My father owned the brig *Penshaw*, which was a tidy craft of 200 tons burden, sailing out of Australian and New Zealand ports. During the year I was 15 years old the brig was voyaging between Sydney and Wellington, a stretch of water about 1,200 miles wide. One night as we entered the strait, beating our way slowly up against a head wind, we came in collision with a coasting schooner running out. She had the lights set, and, as was afterward shown, all her crew, captain included, were half drunk and did not see us. I was on lookout and saw the schooner first, but as we were close on the wind and she close at hand we could do nothing. She struck us on the starboard bow with a great crash. Our foremast went by the board, the schooner's bowsprit was twisted off, and the two craft bumped and crashed for three or four minutes and then separated.

In such emergencies men act on impulse and cannot always clearly remember what occurs. In this case I climbed aboard the schooner, thinking she was the least injured, and it appeared that every one of her crew tumbled on to the decks of the brig for the same reason. It was some minutes after the craft separated before I discovered that I was alone. I now began to wonder how badly she had been damaged. I had seen that her bulwarks for a distance of 15 feet on the starboard bow had been stove in, but as to the hull itself I could not say. I should have laid her head to the sea and wind but for her damages. Young as I was, I was born at sea and a pretty fair sailor, and I knew I could not set a storm sail in the foremast nor hold her up without it. I could not leave the wheel without fear of her broaching to, and so for the first hour I stood there expecting she would fill and founder. As she continued buoyant and I failed to hear the swash of water below decks, I finally came to the conclusion that she had received no great injury. Such proved to be the case. Her stem and some of the planks were broken above the water line, and the bulwarks had been torn away as the bowsprit was wrenched out, but her crew had no call to leave her.

The accident occurred about 10 o'clock. The wind was then blowing a lively rate, but by midnight there were half a gale and a heavy sea. There was foresail enough to lift and send her, and I don't remember that I was anything more than anxious over the outcome. I was being blown to the east, right out into the south Pacific, but at that season of the year the gales were likely to be of short continuance. This one reached its height at midnight, and when daylight came the sea had very much decreased and the schooner could not have made over ten miles an hour running with all sails set.

After I could see the length of her I brought her head on, and by lashing the foresail boom amidships and dropping the peak a little more I found she would hold there with the wheel lashed a-port. This done I went aloft for a look around, but could see nothing. Returning to the deck, I got out the union jack and set it in the main rigging as a signal of distress and then inspected damages. The little craft was as dry as a bone, though her bows above water were a complete wreck. There was little or nothing I could do to mend matters, and so I turned to and prepared breakfast. By the time that was eaten the wind had dropped to a three knot breeze, while the sky promised good weather for the next day or two.

When I came to inspect the cargo, I found it to consist mostly of lumber. This was to have been taken up the coast to the site of a new town. There were also some hardware, provisions, machinery and dry goods. The lumber in the vessel would float her, no matter if the hold was full of water, and I need have no fears on the question of food and drink. When I came to look for a chart, I could find nothing—not even a coast survey chart. The captain had seemed to trust entirely to memory or luck in making his voyages up and down. I had looked over father's charts many a time, but in such a cursory way that I could not now remember what land lay to the east of me. I remembered that the nearest coast was that of South America, but that was thousands of miles away, and I concluded that any chance lay in being picked up by some vessel.

After dinner I lay down and slept for several hours and on awakening went aloft for a look around. Nothing but sky and water was in sight. I had been driving to the west all day at the rate of about three knots an hour, and when I came to figure up the probable run of the night before I estimated that I was 100 miles off the coast. The breeze still held from the same quarter and freshened somewhat as night came on. I remained awake until about 10 o'clock and then bunked down on the deck and was so little disturbed that I slept right through the night and awoke at 6 o'clock next morning to be treated to a tremendous surprise. The schooner was high and dry on a sandy shore, and before me was a beautiful green forest. She had taken ground so softly that I had not been disturbed.

I was ashore on the Chatham Islands, a group of 14 verdant islands to the east of New Zealand and the only break in the wide waters stretching to the coast of Patagonia. I had struck one of the largest ones, called "Catharine," and I was no sooner on my feet than there was such a chattering of birds as almost deafened me. These islands were not then

Inhabited and have such a sparse population now that the number is not recorded on the charts. Land being so plentiful and cheap on the island of New Zealand itself, and there being so many fertile islands along its coast, no set of people care to isolate themselves by taking up a residence on the Chatham Islands.

I got down over the bows and reached the beach dry shod, and after three hours of walking about I found I had come ashore on an island about three miles in length and breadth—it being nearly square. It was covered with the verdure of the tropics, and while the trees seemed to be full of birds I saw neither serpents nor wild animals.

The schooner lay exposed to the westerly gales and seas, and it would be only a question of a week or two when she would break up or be buried in the sands. It therefore stood me in hand to get all out of her that I could before this disaster took place. I began right after dinner, and it would surprise you to know how much I accomplished in the next four days. By use of the capstan, winch and a block and pulley in the main rigging I got out 21 barrels of flour, eight of pork and beef, three of sugar and of meal and besides these I got ashore all the sails, cabin furniture, cooking utensils, etc. There were axes, shovels, picks, hoes, rakes, garden seeds, carpenter's tools and a host of other things which could be handled, and I got out enough boards to make me a cabin and floor it. On the evening of the fifth day a strong wind came up from the west, accompanied by a very high tide, and instead of the schooner breaking up she floated and a current pulled her off and she drifted down the coast about a mile. She then struck on a sunken ledge, turned over and the seas broke her up.

There was no prominent point on the island where I could set a signal. I therefore contented myself with keeping a lookout to the west. Twice during the first two weeks I saw ships afar off by the aid of the glass. Then six weeks passed without my sighting anything. Meanwhile I had erected my house back about 40 feet from the shore, got all the goods under cover and was more satisfied with my lot than some men would have been. I had no way of knowing whether father's brig went down in the collision or not, but was satisfied that if he escaped with his life he would make search for me.

I had been on the island for three months when I one day made a wonderful discovery. I was on the south shore, where the forest was more open and the soil composed of sand and shell, and I stopped for a moment under the shade of a tree. As I did so a small animal, only about half as large as a hare, ran past my feet and into its burrow, only a yard away. As I followed it with my eye I saw something glitter in the fresh dirt thrown out, and I picked it up to find that it was an English sovereign. Raking over the dirt with my fingers I soon found four others, together with some small pieces of moldy canvas. I at once jumped to the conclusion that there must be a store of treasure below, and I ran for a shovel. It was easy digging there, and I had not gone down over two feet before I was throwing out more money than dirt.

The treasure had been contained entirely in canvas bags. These had been stout enough at the outset, but the dampness of the earth had finally rotted them. I could not lift a single one of the bags out by itself on this account, but brought down a piece of sailcloth and spread it on the ground and then piled the treasure on it as I freed it from the dirt. There had been 12 bags of money, every piece of gold. I knew the value only in English currency. There were pieces I knew to have been coined in India, Spain, France, Holland and the United States, and I gave a guess at the value by the weight alone. I found the treasure about 8 o'clock in the morning, and it was after noon before I had all the money on the sailcloth. I was a stout, healthy boy, but I could not have lifted a tenth part of the total weight. I doubt if a stout man could have dragged it a foot.

The first thought was to get the money to my house—a mile away. I got a stout sack and planned to carry the pile away in such loads as I could lift, but then I began to argue that as I was the only person on the island the money was as safe where it was as it would be in my house. I therefore filled my pockets with the larger pieces as specimens and contented myself with spreading a piece of canvas over the heap and throwing on some branches.

I was not greatly rattled over the big find, although I knew there must be tens of thousands of dollars there. I was simply a little more anxious to sight a sail, and for the next week I did nothing but patrol up and down the shores and look seaward. I visited the money every morning and evening and now and then pawed the heap over and carried away such coins as I desired to more closely inspect.

It was, I believe, on the morning of the thirteenth day after finding the money that I walked down to the water for my morning dip to see a whaling bark hove to about a mile away and one of her boats pulling in. It was the English whaling craft *Grampus*, and father had met her captain in a New Zealand port and asked him to call at the islands as he bore away and look for traces of me. When it was found that I was alive and well, the captain came ashore. He would not promise to carry me to New Zealand under six months, as he was bound to the banks of Brazil, but he listed all my property off at a fair value and put it to my credit. When everything had been taken aboard, I showed him my pocket pieces and told him of my find. What I had brought up to the house counted up nearly £300 English money.

I started with him for the spot where the treasure was lying, accompanied by three of his men, and we reached it to find that everything had disappeared. There was the hole I had dug, there were the withered branches which had covered the heap, there the tracks of men leading down to the water's edge. I had been there at sundown the night before. During the night a party had landed and removed the last stiver of money. From whence they came, in what craft, how they knew the treasure was there, which way they sailed, all these were queries which all could put, but no one answered. A day after leaving the island the bark encountered a British gunboat, and we told her captain the story. He cruised in search of the mysterious craft for several days, but did not sight her, and all official inquiry made by the New Zealand government failed to trace anything further.

Their Charm.

"I heard you congratulating Mr. Scribner on his short stories. What on earth do you find to admire about them?"

"Their shortness."

Greek Women.

Greek art, in current opinion, far surpasses in conception and execution all other art the world has produced. One is therefore not surprised to find that much modern literature and art are based on Greek ideals. Aside from direct influences which may be traced, literature and art abound in references to allusions to Greek life, thought and heroes, whether mythical or historical. Although women played comparatively an insignificant part in Greek civilization, it is by no means an insignificant place which the women of Greece fill in modern literature and art.

The Greek women were beautiful, and that their beauty was highly appreciated there can be no doubt. The Greeks loved symmetry, form and beauty of person, especially when combined with strength and activity. Greek art was based on similar principles. The Greek woman was much in the open air, always finding active employment, never allowing time to become a burden. Her strength and freshness of body produced a sweetness of temper and soundness of mind which serve as a charming background for literary or artistic treatment. Not a virtuous woman appeared in either "Iliad" or "Odyssey." "Hellas," the later name for Greece itself, was originally applied to one section of the country as an epithet for "land of the beautiful women," beautiful both in physical and personal elements.

Invented by Women.

Nearly all the modern appliances for making housekeeping easy have been the inventions of American women. A clothes wringer, now known all over the world, was the invention of a negro charwoman in Washington. A self closing bread bin is one of the American woman's inventions. It is a cylindrical bin that closes itself the instant the bread is put into it. It is also used for cake and biscuits. Then there is the pea shelling machine, the cabbage cutter, the various vegetable slicing machines, the self acting knife washer, which keeps the handles from being put into the hot water and loosened, the egg breaker, the fruit and vegetable peeling machines, the raisin seeders. Patents for all these household necessities have been issued by the American patent office to women.

An American woman also it was who invented the method of preserving funeral wreaths. This was as far back as 1863, and now in the woman's department of the patent office there are on exhibition wreaths preserved by that prohibition method since that year. One of the best methods of embalming was also the invention of an American woman.—Cassell's Magazine.

That Alabaster Neck.

"It is no use trying for an alabaster neck, girls," said the handsome woman, "if you were not born with it. You may make it a bit plumper with hot baths and olive oil, by exercise and by filling out the chest by proper breathing; you may make it whiter with cucumber milk, but recognize your limitations and be content when you have done the best that you may. I saw a grizzly old carpenter at his work the other day, and he had the nearest approach to that alabaster neck we read about of any one I have ever seen. It was plainly visible with his old shirt turned away in front. Contrasting strikingly with the darker skin of his throat above was a neck as white as milk, without a hollow, without a bone, without a line. It is no use. A beauty, like a genius, is born, not made. We must freshen up our brown necks as best we may and in the meantime give thanks that we are not grizzled carpenters even with alabaster necks thrown in."—New York Times.

She Grows Violets by the Tubful.

A clergyman's daughter in England has found a profitable employment which she can carry on without leaving her family. She supplies violets to the London trade for crystallizing, sending the heads of the Neapolitan violets which she cultivates up to town and selling them at so much a pound. She grows her violets in tubs, with holes all round, planting the roots in layers one on top of another, with good earth between, the flowers being able to grow out of the holes in the sides of the tubs. She therefore gets a profusion of blossoms in a very small space. She has also tried strawberries grown in this manner, which have been very successful for the early market, and by growing them in a mass on the sides of a movable tub she is able to get them a greater amount of sun, which materially adds to the value of forced strawberries or fruit of any kind.

Don'ts.

Don't make any one feel self conscious in your presence. It indicates that you are excessively self conscious yourself. Don't expect too much from other people, but encourage them to expect a great deal from you, and be sure you fulfill their expectations.

Don't make too much of your bodily ailments. It makes you tiresome to yourself.

Don't be cynical. It indicates that you are very young or that you have never become mature.

Don't vent on one man the irritation caused by the mistake of another. Don't vent on others the irritation caused by your own mistakes. Don't vent your irritation on anybody.

Don't apply these don'ts to other people. Apply them to yourself or else don't apply them at all.—Kansas City Journal.

The Teeth.

The constant and regular use of the teeth in masticating hard food tends to make them continually grow harder and stronger and better able to resist the influences that make for decay, while, on the other hand, living on soft food and neglect of mastication make them tender, soften the enamel and render them easily susceptible to corroding effects. A dentist, speaking on this subject, says: "Some men have healthy teeth all their lives because they were given good food during infancy. That is the period to begin to save the teeth. Mothers and nurses give children soft food, in many cases utterly ignorant of the result. Crusts and hard stuffs should be given to children as soon as they can eat them. In this way the teeth begin to grow healthy and gradually harden with time and use."

To Render Cloth Waterproof.

Stir one ounce of sugar of lead and one ounce of powdered alum into a gallon of rainwater, and when clear pour off the liquid. Soak the cloth in this for 24 hours, and when dry it will be found quite rainproof. Material treated in this manner should not be worn more than necessary.

CALL 'EM UP.

Telephone Directory of Live Business Houses, Which Advertise in the Enterprise.

Below will be found a list of the Enterprise advertisers whose places of business or residences have a telephone connection. The list is published for the convenience of Enterprise readers, who may desire to communicate with these establishments.

Lucius A. Austin, Lexington 14-3.
Arlington House, Arlington 156-2.
Arlington Insurance Agency, Arl. 303-5.
Belmont Coal Co., Arl. 36-3.
A. L. Bacon, 133-3.
Henry W. Beal, Arl. 141-3; Boston office, Main 1686.
A. E. Cotton, Arl. 238-4.
Crescent Cash Grocery, Arl. 21, 358.
David Clark, Arl. 89-3.
Charles Gott, Arl. 38-3; house, Arl. 38-2.
C. H. Gannett, Main 3856-3.
N. J. Hardy, Arl. 8-2; house, Arl. 112-2.
W. K. Hutchinson, Arl. 339-3; Heights branch, Arl. 321-5; house, Arl. 329-3.
J. Henry Hartwell, Arl. 127-4; house, Arl. 104-4.
H. F. Hook, Hay. 1642-4.
H. B. Johnson, Arl. 134-2.
Johnson's Arlington Express, Arl. 122-3.
Litchfield's Studio, 307-3.
George A. Law, Arl. 73-3.
Lexington Lumber Co., Lex. 48.
John J. Leary, Arl. 37-2.
R. W. Le Baron, Arl. 79-2.
Lexington Grain Mills, Lex. 34-3; house, 31-3.
A. S. Mitchell, Main 159.
Perham's Pharmacy, 115-3; pay station, 21, 350; house, 329-6.
W. W. Robertson, Arl. 138-4.
E. Price, Arl. 88-2.
Peirce & Winn, Arl. 8-2.
Dr. Ring's Sanatorium, Arl. 205-2.
W. W. Rawson, Arl. 15-3; house, Arl. 15-2; Boston office, Main 2345.
George W. Sampson, Lex. 24-2; house, Lex. 61-7.
C. H. Stone, Arl. 131-4.
W. P. Schwamb & Bro., Arl. 111-3.
Simpson Bros., Main 1155.
A. A. Tilden, Arl. 2135-4.
H. T. Welch & Son, pay station, 2135-3.
Wood Bros. Express, Arl. 242-7.
John G. Waage, Arl. 149-4.
Wetherbee Bros., Arl. 149-5.

CHAS. GOTT, Carriage Builder,

450 Mass. Ave.,

ARLINGTON, MASS

Jobbing in all branches

Fine Painting a Specialty

Have Your Horses Shod AT Mill Street Shoeing Forge,

26 Mill Street,

ARLINGTON.

Special attention paid to Over-reaching and Interfering Horses.

Horses Shod by experienced workmen.

First-class work guaranteed. Horses called for and delivered.

MY SPECIALTY

is correcting such eye troubles as are caused by Defective Vision, etc.

Oculists' Prescriptions Compounded.

Prices as low as is consistent with requirements.

FRED W. DERBY, Refracting Optician,

458 Massachusetts Ave., Arlington.

J. C. McDONALD, Fruit and Confectionery.

Hot and Cold Soda and

QUICK LUNCH

TOBACCO AND CIGARS.

Lexington and Boston

Waiting Room, Arlington Heights.

JAMES E. DUFFY,

Hair Dresser,

Pool Room Connected

461 Massachusetts Avenue, Arlington.

T. H. CANNIFF,

Hairdresser,

943 Mass. ave., Arlington

Wm. P. Schwamb & Bro.

Window Screen and

Screen Door Makers.

Office and Shop, 1033 Mass Ave.

ARLINGTON.

We make a specialty of repairing and correctly fitting Screens and Doors. Also the repairing and repainting of Piazza Chairs and Seats. We guarantee first class work and fair prices. All communications will receive prompt attention.

B. SWENSEN,

INTERIOR PAINTER.

Ceiling, Enameling and Hardwood Finishing a Specialty. All kinds of work done in a first-class manner.

Resident of Arlington 12 years. Best of references given.

10 Teel Place, Arlington, Mass.

Welch's Market.

Groceries and Provisions,

941 Massachusetts Ave., Arlington.

Telephone Connection, 2136-3.

E. F. DONNELLAN,

Upholsterer & Cabinet Maker

Furniture, Mattresses, Window Shades, Awnings and Draperies made to order. Antique Furniture Repaired and Polished. Furniture Repaired, Carpets Made and Laid.

Mail orders promptly attended to.

442 Massachusetts Ave., Arlington.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

The Boy's Knife.

All boys have knives in their pockets, but some of them are so dull they are not of much use either to their owners or to their owners' neighbors. A boy without a knife, as I know from experience, is very miserable and in a poor way to get all the enjoyment out of life. Of course girls do not use knives so much as boys do, but they frequently have to borrow one from their brothers or their friends when they want to sharpen pencils or cut their jumping ropes or gather pussy willows. Do not think I would urge selfishness upon my readers, but persons who borrow knives are often very careless with them, losing them or keeping them much longer than they need.

What I want to tell you is the very simple thing of how to keep a pocketknife sharp. With a little trouble and patience a knife can be sharpened and kept in good order, but it is surprising how few boys know how to do this. In the first place, if the edge of the blade is badly nicked, or if the sides curve out, it should be ground on a grindstone until the nicks all disappear. Be sure to put plenty of water on the stone, so that the heat arising from the friction will not take out of the "temper" of the steel. Hold the blade firmly so that the stone will grind from the top of the blade nearly to the edge. When the grinding is done, the sides of the blade should curve in. The blade may then be said to be "hollow ground." If the stone is allowed to grind to the edge, the blade will become too thin and will "nick" easily.

Now place the blade in a flat position on a whetstone and grind with a circular motion. Treat both sides in this way till a slight fringe appears on the edge. If the knife does not need grinding, it can be "whet up" in the same way, with the exception of bearing a little more strongly near the cutting edge when rubbing across the stone. Either water or fine oil may be used on the stone, which should be kept clean. Last of all, rub the blade carefully on a strip or piece of soft, smooth leather, which will remove the fine fringe on the edge and will polish the blade. In following these directions you can put an edge on your knife that will require you to be careful of your fingers. —Chicago Record.

Changed Their Minds.



Tom and Bob—So you're the new boy in school, eh? Well, see here; we just dropped in to give you a—



Quiet tip that we'll back you if any of the fellows should try to fight you.—Young People's Magazine.

How Did Jim Know?

For several years my early morning walk lay through the first block of West Fifty-seventh street, where I used regularly to meet a milkman delivering milk. He would take from his wagon a rack containing several bottles and go from house to house, while his old gray horse walked sedately on alone.

One morning as I was passing the pair midway the block the man said to his horse:

"Go on, Jim, and turn at No. 7." I watched with interest. Jim did go on until exactly opposite No. 7. Then he carefully turned and walked back to his master, or shall I say comrade? Yet some people think that the lower animals cannot reason.—Our Animal Friends.

Margie and the Diamonds.

A very bright 4-year-old had been told in the kindergarten of the beauty and value of diamonds, but none in her family had any to show her. She was told that Mrs. Taylor, an elderly and amiable friend, had some diamonds which she could see. Margie had gone to Mrs. Taylor and asked to be shown her diamonds. Quite a handsome ring was put in her hand for inspection, and she studied it intently for a few minutes, turning it in all lights. Then, looking up earnestly in Mrs. Taylor's face, she asked, "Which is the diamond, the brass or the glass?"

The Flowers With Wings.

Such a lot of yellow buttercups all in a meadow grew. So many, many years ago, when all the world was new, And you'd thought they'd be the happiest things with nothing else to do But be cuddled up by Father Sun and fed by Mother Dew.

But I hate to say it wasn't so, for when the birds would fly High up among the mighty trees that towered to the sky They would watch them with such envy and lament and moans and sigh: "Oh, dear, just see them skim along! Oh, why can't you and I?"

Now, the fairy of the flowers once was passing by that way To nurse a little primrose that was sickly, so they say, And she heard them all bewailing to a blackbird on a spray, "Oh, won't you let us have your wings a little while today?"

So the kindly fairy listened, and they told her all their woes, And she summoned all the fairy knights whose wings were white as snow, And begged and borrowed every one—they've several pairs, you know— And put them on the buttercups, the poor things pleaded so.

Oh, high they flew, and low they flew; the old sun blinked his eye; The breeze came chasing them, all laughing with surprise, And ever since that day when first they fluttered 'neath the skies We've had the buttercups with wings and called them butterflies.

—New Orleans Picayune.

RAILROAD TIME TABLES.

Boston Elevated Railway Co.

SURFACE LINES.

TIME TABLE.

Subject to change without notice.
ARLINGTON HEIGHTS TO BOWDOIN SQ.—(via Beacon st., Somerville) 4:30, 5:09 a.m., and intervals of 10, 15, 20 and 30 minutes to 11:16 p.m. SUNDAY—7:02 a.m., and intervals of 20 and 30 minutes to 11:15 p.m. NIGHT SERVICE—12:06, 12:37, 1:06, 1:37, 2:37, 3:37 (4:37, 5:37 a.m., Sunday) a.m.

ARLINGTON HEIGHTS TO SUBWAY.—6:01 a.m., and intervals of 10, 15 and 20 minutes to 11:12 p.m. (11:30 to Adams sq.) SUNDAY—6:01, 6:31 a.m., and intervals of 10, 15 and 20 minutes to 11:12 p.m. (11:30 to Adams sq.)

ARLINGTON CENTRE TO SULLIVAN SQ. TERMINAL via Broadway—5:28, and intervals of 15 minutes to 12:03 night. SUNDAY—6:01, 6:31 a.m., and intervals of 20 minutes to 12:03 night. Via Medford Hillside—5:30 a.m., and every 15 minutes to 12 night. SUNDAY—6:30 a.m., and intervals of 20 minutes to 12 night.

Elevated trains run between Sullivan square and Dudley street via the subway, from 5:30 a.m. to 12:12 night, starting same time from each end, at intervals varying from 15 to 5 minutes. Sunday, 6 a.m. to 12:12 night, at intervals of from 2 to 8 min. Running time between Sullivan square and Dudley street, about 20 min. Stations at Sullivan sq., City sq., Union station, Haymarket sq., Adams sq., Scollay sq., Park st., Downtown Crossing, South Station, Northampton st., Dudley st.

Special cars may be chartered at reasonable rates for balls, theatre parties, or excursions to any point on the system, on application in person or by letter at office of Supt. of Transportation, 101 Milk street, Room 701.

Information regarding to rates, routes and connections with other roads cheerfully given by telephone.

C. B. SERGEANT, Vice President.

June 15, 1901.

Boston and Maine R. R.

Southern Division.

IN EFFECT, JUNE 24, 1901.

TRAINS TO BOSTON.

Arlington Heights—4:45, 6:05, 6:35, 7:04, 7:34, 8:04, 8:37, 8:53, 10:07, 11:19 A. M., 12:18, 1:00, 1:28, 3:54, 4:45, 5:19, 6:47, 8:15, 9:18,

LEXINGTON CHURCHES, SOCIETIES, ETC.

CHURCH OF OUR REDEEMER.

Episcopal.
Services—Sunday, preaching 11 a.m.; Sunday school, 9:45 a.m.; holy communion first and third Sundays of each month. FIRST PARISH UNITARIAN CHURCH.
Rev. Carleton A. Staples, pastor, residence Massachusetts avenue, near Elm avenue. Services—Sunday, preaching 10:30 a.m.; Sunday school 12 m. Sewing circle every other Thursday. Young People's guild every Sunday evening in the vestry at 7 p.m.

FOLLEN UNITARIAN CHURCH.

Massachusetts Avenue, near Pleasant, west, E. J.
Rev. Lorenzo D. Cochane, residence Locust avenue, East Lexington. Services—Sunday, 10:45 a.m., 7 p.m.; Sunday school, 12:00 m. Follen Alliance, fortnightly, Thursdays, at 2 p.m. Follen guild meets 6:30 p.m. Sunday. Lend-a-Hand club and Little Helpers.

HANCOCK CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

Massachusetts Avenue, opposite the Common.
Rev. Charles F. Carter, pastor, residence Hancock street. Services—Sunday, 10:30 a.m., 7 p.m.; Sunday school 12 m. Week days, Y. P. S. C. E. Monday evening; prayer, Thursday, 7:45 p.m.

LEXINGTON BAPTIST CHURCH.

Massachusetts Ave., near Wallis Place.
Rev. J. H. Cox, pastor, residence Waltham. Services—Sunday, preaching 10:30 a.m., 7 p.m.; Sunday school, 12 m.; Tuesday, 7:45 p.m.; Y. P. S. C. E., Friday, 7:45 p.m.; prayer meeting.
Branch, Emerson Hall, East Lexington. Services—Sunday, 3 p.m.; Sunday school, 4 p.m.; Thursday evening, 7:45 p.m.; prayer meeting.

ST. BRIDGET'S ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH.

Massachusetts Ave., near Elm Ave.
Rev. P. J. Kavanagh, pastor, residence next to the church. Services—Alternate Sundays at 9 and 10:30 a.m.; vespers 4 p.m., every Sunday; Weekdays, mass at 8 a.m.

FREE AND ACCEPTED MASONS.

Simon Robinson Lodge.
Meets at Masonic hall, Town Hall building, second Monday of each month at 7:30 p.m.

ANCIENT ORDER OF UNITED WORKMEN.

Meets in A. O. U. W. hall, Hancock street, corner Bedford street, second and fourth Tuesday evenings in each month. IMPROVED ORDER OF HEPTA-SOMNIS.
Lexington Conclave, No. 1.

Meets at A. O. U. W. hall, second and fourth Wednesday evenings.

GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC.

George G. Meade Post 119.
Meets in Grand Army hall third Thursday of each month.

KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS.

Council No. 94.
Meets in Lexington hall, Hunt block, Massachusetts avenue, first and third Tuesdays of each month.

LEXINGTON HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

Meets in Corey hall second Tuesday evenings of winter months.

THE LEND-A-HAND OF THE UNITARIAN CHURCH.

Meetings second Tuesday in each month at 3 p.m., in the church vestry.

ART CLUB.

Meetings held Monday afternoons at members' residences, from November 1st to May 1st.

EAST LEXINGTON FINANCE CLUB.

Meets first Monday each month at Stone building, East Lexington.

LEXINGTON MONDAY CLUB.

Meets in winter every week at homes of members. Membership limited to 15.

SHAKESPEARE CLUB.

Meetings held Monday evenings, at members' residences, from October 15 to May 15.

THE TOURIST CLUB.

Meetings held at members' houses, Monday 2:30 p.m.

LEXINGTON FIRE ALARM.

LOCATION OF BOXES.

45 cor. Pleasant and Watertown streets.
46 cor. Waltham and Middle streets.
47 cor. Lincoln and School streets.
52 cor. Clark and Forest streets.
54 cor. Mass. avenue and Cedar street.
55 Bedford street—No. Lexington depot.
56 Bedford street—No. M. Reed's.
58 cor. Hancock and Adams streets.
61 cor. Ash and Reed streets.
62 cor. Woburn and Vine streets.
63 cor. Woburn and Lowell streets.
64 cor. Lowell street near Arlington line.
72 Warren st. opp. Mrs. W. R. Monroe's.
73 cor. Mass. avenue and Woburn street.
74 cor. Bloomfield and Eustice streets.
75 Mass. avenue and Perc. road.
76 Mass. avenue opp. Village hall.
77 Mass. avenue and Pleasant street.
78 Mass. avenue opp. E. Lexington depot.
79 Mass. avenue and Sylvia streets.
81 Bedford street near Elm street.
82 Centre Engine House.
83 cor. Grant and Sherman streets.
84 cor. Merriam and Oakland streets.
85 Hancock street near Hancock avenue.
86 cor. Mass. and Elm avenues.
87 Chandler street opp. J. P. Prince's.
88 Mass. avenue near town hall.

PRIVATE BOXES.

221 Morrill estate, Lowell street.
561 Carhouse, Bedford st., No. Lexington.

DEPARTMENT SIGNALS.

Second alarm, repetition of first; general alarm, eleven blows; all out, two blows; brush fire, three blows followed by box number.

SPECIAL SIGNALS.

Test signal, one blow at 12 m.; no school signal, three blows repeated three times; police call, five blows three times; special signal, 22 five times from electric light station.

LOCATION OF WHISTLES, ETC.

Whistle at electric light station, bell on Follen church, East Lexington, tapper at residence of chief engineer, tapper at residence of first assistant engineer, tapper at residence of second assistant engineer, tapper at pumping station, tapper at residence of Wm. B. Foster, police, tapper at residence of C. H. Franks, police, tapper at centre engine house, tapper at East Lexington engine house, tapper at residence of James E. Shelvey.

INSTRUCTIONS.

Before giving an alarm be sure a fire exists.
Give the alarm at the nearest box.
Pull the hook way down, only once, and let go.
Never give an alarm for a fire seen at a distance.
Wait at the box, if possible, and direct the firemen to the fire.
Never give a second alarm for the same fire; all second alarms are given by the engineers or other persons in authority.
Never give an alarm for a brush fire unless buildings are in danger; but in form the engine and they will take action to extinguish it.
Citizens are requested to inform themselves as to the location of keys. Signs over the boxes will give the necessary information.

CAUTION TO PERSONS HAVING KEYS.

Never open boxes except to give an alarm.
You cannot remove your key until an engineer releases it, and it will then be returned to you.
Never allow the key out of your possession except to some responsible party, for the purpose of giving an alarm, and then see that it is returned.
If you remove from your place of residence or business, return the key to the chief engineer.

BOWIE AND HIS KNIFE

HE CALLED IT THE WEAPON THAT NEVER MISSED FIRE.

It Was Made of an Old Steel File and Was Sharpened to a Razor Edge. With It He Killed Sixteen Men—The Duel With Norris Wright.

James Bowie, famous by reason of the world renowned knife called by his name, was born in Burke county, Ga., in 1790. In 1802 his father emigrated to Louisiana. That country was then still under French domination. There had been large tracts of land granted by the French crown in the territory named for Louis XIV, and one of these, in the parish of Catahoula, was acquired by the elder Bowie. He was a man of substance, owning nearly 100 slaves. He soon had his estate opened out and was growing superb crops of cotton and corn. His son James he sent first to a famous private school at Natchez, Miss., and afterward to the Jesuit college, then located in New Orleans.

James Bowie in 1827 was challenged to a duel with Norris Wright. The pocket pistols of that day were uncertain. It was long before the percussion cap had been brought into common use, and the flintlock arm was the only firearm known. It was liable to miss fire just when it ought not to. Bowie determined to rely upon a knife he had caused to be made for just such a contingency. He had taken a 14 inch file, such as was then used to sharpen crosscut saws and the upright saws used for turning out planks from logs. He had the file marks carefully ground off the file and the smooth piece of steel skillfully reduced by the grindstone until it was about the thickness and weight he desired. Then he took it to a Spaniard in New Orleans known as "Pedro, the skilled cutler," a man who had learned his art in Toledo, where the finest sword blades in all Spain were forged. He tempered and finished the knife, fitted it with a crosspiece and haft. When it was done, James Bowie had a weapon "fit to fight for a man's life with," as he said to Governor Wells. It was beautifully balanced, and the artist had hollow ground it like a razor, with a double edge for three or four inches from the point.

The knife was fitted with a wooden scabbard, covered with leather, and was sharp enough to shave the hair off the back of one's hand. This was the original bowie knife, though it was somewhat modified subsequently in shape. Natchez island, where the fight was to be, was midway between the Louisiana and Mississippi shores of the great Father of Waters. Therefore it was a favorite meeting place for gentlemen who had to adjust affairs that might have a fatal ending, as the authorities of neither state could interfere.

It was understood that each of the principals should have but one friend, and certainly not more than two, on the ground. But Mr. Wright had five or six present. The fight began with pistols. One of Bowie's missed fire, while both of Wright's took effect upon his antagonist.

Thinking he had Bowie at his mercy, Norris Wright sprang upon him. In a moment Bowie had drawn his deadly knife, and, though two or three of Wright's friends were shooting at him, and hitting him, too, Bowie made one awful slash at Wright's neck. The keen steel bit into the very neckbone. The blood shot out over Bowie, and Norris Wright was dead before he touched the ground.

Seriously wounded himself, it was for some time a very doubtful question whether or not he would ever get well. But youth, a temperate life and an excellent constitution finally brought him around, and in a year from that time he killed General Crain with the same knife he had used in his first encounter. "The knife doesn't miss fire," he said to an intimate friend, Mr. Bynum of the parish of Rapides. "The pistol does."

James Bowie was engaged in the purchase and contest of claims for great tracts of land that had been grants made by the French crown. When Louisiana was ceded to the United States and finally became a state, there was a good deal of trouble on this account over some of the titles to land along the Red river and its tributaries. A man often had to fight for his plantation, as frequently he would not give it up to somebody with an old French or Spanish grant. It was in these contests that James Bowie did the most of his killing. He had 16 lives on his hands from the use of that one knife. After much consideration he had made a knife that has been the model and pattern for all the real bowie knives that ever had the sanction of their originator.

In 1835 Colonel Bowie sold his Louisiana property and went to Texas. The Lone Star State was in the throes of a bloody revolution. The gallant resistance of the Texans so exaggerated General Santa Anna, who was chief in command of the Mexican forces, that he swore he would take no more prisoners. When Bowie arrived in Texas, he was at once made a colonel of riflemen in the army of Texas.

In January, 1836, Colonel Bowie was ordered to San Antonio de Bexar to assist in holding that place against Santa Anna's coming forces. The siege ran along until March, when San Antonio, trusting in the pledged word of honor of Santa Anna, with a starved out garrison, surrendered. A general massacre took place. Travis, Crockett and Bowie were murdered in cold blood, a stain on General Santa Anna's memory that time can never blot out. Colonel Bowie was badly wounded three times and was in a room of the main work of the place called the Alamo. He opposed the surrender as long as was possible.

He was lying on his bed when he heard the triumphant Mexicans coming in. It was the first hint he had had of the surrender. He knew his life was ended. He could, however, move about a little. The instant the Mexicans came into the room they began shooting at him. He grasped his knife and leaped among them like an enraged tiger. And when the firing ended six of his enemies had crossed the Styx with James Bowie and gone with him to the shades.—Washington Post.

Wanted a Change of Diet.

There are some things of which even the poor may get more than is necessary. A weary and hungry man fell from sheer faintness by the wayside. A crowd gathered at once, and an officious bystander bustled forward, shouting: "Stand back! Give him air!" The fainting man rallied and sat up. "Air!" he gasped. "Give me air! Why, gentlemen, I've had nothing but air for three weeks!"

JOHN A. FRATUS, Jeweler, Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, etc.

All Repairing Guaranteed.

Store At Post Office, Lexington.

CAMELLIA PLACE Conservatories
Off Hancock Avenue and Bedford Street, Lexington, Mass.
CAMELLIAS, AZALEAS, CARNATIONS, VIOLETS, ACACIA, and other cut blooms in great variety.
ALSO CHOICE PLANTS FOR Decorations of Halls and Churches.
Flowers for Funerals, Receptions, and other occasions furnished and arranged very promptly. Orders solicited.
JAMES COMLEY.

FACTS ABOUT CIGARS.

A 10c. cigar cannot be sold for 5c. because men are not in business for their health.

A good 5c. cigar can be and is often sold for 10c., because large sums are expended in advertising it which the smoker must pay for.

The "Blue Bird"

is such a 5c. cigar. It is worth 5c.

No manufacturer can give you better. Try one and be convinced.

Manufactured by

CHARLES G. KAUFFMANN,

East Lexington.

LEXINGTON ICE CO.

GEO. M. WILSON, Prop.

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WOMAN AND HOME.

TWO CHICAGO YOUNG WOMEN AND THEIR UNIQUE PLACES.

The Older Girls Dropping Out—The Girl In the Store—Discipline of Children—Happiness in Married Life—The Bride's Cake.

In the active out of door conduct of one of the large teaming businesses of Chicago, and in the indoor management of one of the largest city and suburban express businesses of the city two Chicago girls have unique places in the business world.

For as Miss Barbara Hess of West Sixteenth street is the head of the Joseph Hess teaming business, so is Miss Maude Hastings of Wentworth avenue the manager of the downtown office of the Hastings Express company. Forty teams, 125 horses and nearly 50 men are under the supervision of Miss Hess, while 132 wagons, 250 horses and more than 200 men and boys are looked after by Miss Hastings.

Of the two young women Miss Hess has the more "strenuous" life. She has fewer mental worries, but in all weathers and all circumstances her buggy, always



MISS MAUDE ADELAIDE HASTINGS.

hitched, stands in the shadow of the old Market street station, and from her dark little office, 200 feet away, she may have to hurry, jump into her rig and send the impatient Sam bowling down the street as if a 4-11 alarm had just struck and she were a member of a woman's fire brigade.

Miss Hastings leads a quieter life, but every moment of it is given to the details of business. In this, however, she still has time to leave a sharp impress of femininity on the whole office. A bunch of flowers, a glove, a veil, the neatness of the office and the disposition of books and papers on the desks, all show a woman's presence.

She is tall, of firm figure and with a striking head of auburn hair. She was born in Englewood in 1877, passed through the public school and, being of an active disposition, asked for a place in her father's office. From this position she has grown to managerial charge of the downtown office of the company.

Every detail of the business is at her fingers' ends. With so many wagons and men in so many sections of the city the nicest judgment is required in timing deliveries, in making rates and in expediting business generally. All these details have been mastered by Miss Hastings, and the whole office looks to her for direction.

It is Miss Hastings' opinion that she has accomplished nothing extraordinary for a young woman. As she sizes up the duties of her position all that she needs to do is to be down to work promptly on time, to be quick at figures, to remember faces over the counter and voices over the telephone, to keep in mind just where and when each wagon in service should be at any emergency and at all times to be ready with tact, judgment and common sense in the transaction of business.

The Older Girls Dropping Out.

"I never see you anywhere nowadays," some one remarked to an attractive young woman. "Do you never go anywhere now? You used to be the gayest of the gay. Why have you given it all up?"

"Because I am neither fish, fowl nor good red herring," she laughed. "I have no place in society. I ought to be married and have my own establishment, and I have not. You see, it is this way with girls whose people do not entertain much: The first year they come out they are feted and made much of and have a beautiful time. The next year or two their glory pales a little, but they still feel it is their prerogative to go about and have a good time. Then comes a period of toleration, which also lasts a year or two. This brings a girl to her fifth or sixth winter. If she comes out at 18, she will be about 24 or 25—still young enough to enjoy life, one would think, but society has had enough of her. She feels it herself very keenly. Her invitations grow fewer in number, her partners fall off, her father no longer pays for her ball dresses with alacrity, her mother's attention is absorbed by her younger sisters, who must now be considered, and she feels that her day as a social butterfly is practically over.

"I wonder that those old girls try to hang on. I heard a callow youth remark at the last dance I went to. 'Mrs. X. has roped me in to dance the cotillon with one of them. I should think they ought to know enough to stay at home, with all the other girls coming on needing partners.' Fortunately I was not the 'old girl' he had to dance with, but it was one of my contemporaries, and I quite agreed with him. I think there is something undignified in keeping up the same old routine year after year, still anxious to get partners for the cotillon and supper at every dance and feeling all the time that the game is not worth the candle.

"For married women it is different. They have their assured place, and if they enjoy that sort of thing there is no reason why they should not attend every function, but it is becoming more and more the fashion for young women of my age who are unmarried to drop general society. By that I do not mean social life. We go to dinners, theater parties and once in awhile to some particularly smart ball; we have our warm friends and intelligent interests, but we decline

to be society backs, and I think we are right. Don't you?"

In Boston this habit of older girls "dropping out" is even more of a recognized thing. The women at the dances of the smart set there are nearly all debutantes and married women; the girls of several seasons are conspicuous by their absence. —New York Tribune.

The Girl In the Store.

No class of women is so much criticised and misunderstood as those who stand behind counters. It seems little is known about their real life and character, although it comprises some of the largest and most interesting bodies of the working women of today.

Like in all callings of life we find those among them who are not qualified for the business which they have so unfortunately chosen, but this cannot be said of the successful clerk. Like in every business so here—to be successful a good moral character is necessary, and the largest number of women in stores are intelligent and of a good moral character; indeed, the highest type of womanhood is found among them.

A girl who is a successful clerk, and there are many who are, is generally dignified, polite, observant and a good judge of human nature, as these are some of the most essential requirements. She is also a woman of tact, and her perceptive and conversational powers are well developed because of her contact with all classes and conditions of people. Notice the easy and graceful manner of women in stores—they move about with little or no embarrassment.

True, we meet with those who are ill-mannered and even oftentimes rude, but this cannot be said of the majority, and in speaking of any class the majority should be taken into consideration.

No occupation in life is more trying and taxes the patience so much as standing behind the counter. The clerk is expected to be a walking fashion plate and dry goods journal. Many buyers are incapable of thinking for themselves, and the clerks must do all the thinking for them. In many cases they must study the peculiar style of beauty of their customers and know just what is best adapted to it, as to color, trimmings and materials, and they are also expected to know the exact amount required, notwithstanding the fact that they know nothing about the style in which the gown is to be made.

Many shoppers think a clerk should never grow tired, that it is entirely out of place for her, and she must under no consideration grow impatient or discourteous no matter how discourteous the one may be upon whom she is waiting.

There is often more discourtesy before the counter than there is behind the counter, and the lady is as often found behind the counter as before, and no doubt those who have so much cause to complain about the women behind the counter are not gifted with an over-dose of courtesy themselves.—Elizabeth Voltz in Pittsburg Press.

Discipline of Children.

How many mothers, I wonder, realize the true significance of their play and fondling of the nurslings. It is hard to realize "how the mannikin feels his way, blind and walling and alone, into the light of day." At first his little body is to him the world, his first sensation hunger and taste his first gateway of knowledge. The pleasure of feeding is his first emotion. Have you ever thought why he puts everything into his mouth as soon as he is old enough to grasp? Simply because the habit of knowing things through his mouth and tongue is his oldest habit and the one most frequently exercised, hence the strongest avenue to convey impressions to his soul.

After taste hearing seems to be the next sense developed, for nurse or mother has rocked and sung, and the rhythm and sound have distracted the mind wholly from tasting. Then comes the bright light, which by sharp contrast with darkness awakens the nerves of sight, and after awhile the little one responds to playful touches here and there.

The mother must exercise all these senses consciously in her play. Taste will take care of itself, but after feeding and sleep there should be occasionally bright objects brought into relation with the eyes, not too near nor too bright, nor must the impression be too prolonged. Let him hear pleasing sounds, music or singing, with repetitions and pauses, for the intermittent, rhythmic or otherwise is most impressive.

Pleasing sounds are better than the confusing noises sometimes used to attract and distract the "fussy" baby. Always play with the little hands and feet with accompaniment of the old nursery rhymes and melodies, as "Pat-a-Cake" and "This Little Pig," and the "mother play and nursery songs."

Freel received all his best suggestions from the peasant mothers with their rural and folk songs, which unconsciously developed while they soothed. These methods he tried to free from all that was prejudicial and unwise, and we can do no better than apply his results to our own nurseries. The baby who receives intelligent but not officious attention in a playful way is apt to be a brighter baby than the "good" baby that will lie for hours quiet and attracted only by chance impressions so long as he is not hungry. Too much excitement, however, is to be avoided by the overzealous.—Boston Globe.

Happiness in Married Life.

Happiness in married life is to be gained just as enduring happiness is in any other phase of existence on earth is to be found—by the use of the old fashioned virtues of unselfishness, consideration for others, politeness and kindness, all based on love and capped by common sense.

Like the old recipe for cooking the hare which begins, "First catch your hare," a happy marriage for a woman begins with "First select a man," not an ideal made seraph, not an ossified brain, not a mere animal, but a man capable of loving and appreciating a woman's love.

Of course he will be more or less selfish. That is the way parents rear their sons to be. It is your task to bear with this selfishness at first until you can tactfully teach him how beautiful is thoughtfulness for others, and in a very sweet but very dignified way show him that you expect the same treatment you give, says Ella Wheeler Wilcox in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

In the meantime you must recollect that a husband can always, at every approach, be the Prince Charming to anchor the enchanted princess with his first kiss if he is skilled enough in love's arts and refined enough to wish to keep the interesting role.

And in all love's ways man is much given to following woman's lead.

If you have no independent income of your own, have an understanding in your

honeymoon with regard to money matters. Ask for an allowance to be set apart for your use, in order that no humiliating and indelicate discussions need ever occur between you on this subject. Then study to be economical and thrifty, and wise in your use of your allowance.

Love, sense and patience—those are the three important elements necessary to happiness in marriage.

The Bride's Cake.

The bride's cake is exclusively the bride's. Whatever the amount of cake previously stored in boxes for the guests to carry away as they pass out, there is always an especially decorated cake among the "goodies" served to the guests. It is intended frequently that the bride herself shall cut the cake in the presence of the guests, especially her maids, who expect to find in it a gold ring or some other article foretelling the marrying within a year of the finder. A bride lately took high handed hold of tradition and substituted a heart for the ring of our foremothers' superstition.

Some persons account for the bride's cake by saying that it originally was a sample of what she could do in the way of fanciful housekeeping; her wedding cake was her chef d'œuvre. Whatever it may have been, the confectioner takes the hazard now, and the dear girl is relieved of any possible last minute dissatisfaction with her accomplishments. One New York maker of cakes, whose pastry has long been famous, shipped an ornate bride's cake with distinguished success 6,000 miles to Libreville, Gaboon, west Africa, says the Montreal Star.

Pastry ornaments of bride's cake often are uncolored. The rage for gold in every possible form is expressed in cake by the occasional use of a wreath of gold fruit and flowers,

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